tenants," he grumbled. "One pack a day." His grumbling increased as he looked vainly on the table for a match. They used to leave a few packets every day, now he was lucky to get one. He finally found an almost used packet in one of his suits. He lit a cigarette, put the matches in his pocket, and went back to the vaporizer, where he inhaled deeply.

Five minutes later he went out of the building, using the service entrance. To all intents he might have been a mailman going to work. He wasn't. He was a crook, pulling a job on a rigid schedule, a schedule carefully timed by Eddie Chayne.

And it went right on time. As Eddie had figured, the mailman would be on the tenth floor of the Empire Building. He was. He was also unconscious, an inert heap in a janitor's closet, a moment later. No cleaning women would be near the closet until nightfall, Eddie had assured Deuce.

Deuce wasn't worried about that as he rang the bell which would open the locked door of Roth's Diamond Exchange on the eleventh floor. Deuce was carrying the mailman's pouch, and under the pile of letters in his hand was a gun. The mask was in the sack.

An employee let him in, said: "It's the mailman, Mr. Roth."

Then: "Darn it, no matches again. Got a match, mailman?"

For a moment Deuce, who had put down the sack and turned his back to the employee in order to don his mask, was startled. He reached into his pocket. "Better get this guy off-guard," he told himself. Without looking up, he handed over the matches.

The startled employee dropped both cigarette and match when he saw the masked mailman with the gun. The gun covered Roth, his diamond cutter, and the employee. "Get against that far wall," Deuce snarled, "and don't turn around until I say so."

They did as directed. Deuce cleaned the diamonds from the safe in a moment. They almost filled the big handkerchief he had bought. Almost a quarter of a million dollars worth, Deuce's expert eye appraised. "Remember, don't move." He made sure of it. He struck the three of them from behind.

Then he was out on the street, hurrying toward the avenue. He was rid of his pouch, having left it in Roth's.

Eddie Chayne was waiting at the bus stop on Fifth and 48th. No sign of recognition passed between him and Deuce as the latter boarded the bus. Eddie followed, sat next to Deuce but said nothing.

Ten blocks later Deuce left. Eddie already had the diamond-filled handkerchief securely hidden away on his person. Ten minutes later, right on schedule, Deuce was in bed, looking at his watch. He had donned his false beard. And the mailman's costume even now was burning in the incinerator, which went on, twice a day at the same time. When Deuce dropped the clothes in the chute in the hall, he made sure it was burning.

Happily, Deuce breathed deeply of the vaporizer. He'd be rid of this cold in a couple of days. He closed his eyes and lay back in bed. Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, McCarthy would be around. He didn't care. He had a wonderful alibi. The doctor would vouch for the cold. And no one had seen Deuce enter or leave the building.

Nevertheless, he was a trifle surprised when McCarthy arrived only three hours later. It was mid-afternoon. Deuce blinked as he saw McCarthy's companion. It was the employee from Roth's.

Deuce said: "What is it, McCarthy? Can't a guy enjoy a cold?"

Detective McCarthy ignored him. "Recognize this man, Mr. Shapiro."

Shapiro shook his head. "No, no," he said nervously. "This . . . this mailman who hit me didn't have a beard."

Deuce stared at the witness, then spoke to McCarthy. "I think I've got a lawyer who can do something about your questioning me, McCarthy. The house doctor here will tell you I never left this room." His voice took on an injured tone. "This is just persecution, McCarthy, and I want you to know—" He halted for a moment. A sudden chill passed through him. McCarthy seemed too sure of himself. Quickly, the entire sequence of events passed in review before Deuce's mind, reassuring him. Not a thing had gone wrong, every minute had been accounted for.

McCarthy seemed almost to be thinking out loud, although he addressed his remarks to his nervous companion. "Of course that unshaven picture of Deuce Coe I showed you at headquarters is two years old, Mr. Shapiro, which may account for your indecision." His lips set and he moved toward the bathroom. Then he paused, drew his gun. "You'd better find Deuce's razor for me, Mr. Shapiro," he said. "No smart con will ever turn his back on this guy."

Deuce sat bolt upright in bed, afraid to reach for the gun beneath his pillow. "You can't shave me," he screamed. "You've got no right. I'll yell for help." His voice shrilled through the room. "You're persecuting me. You've got no evidence against me. You have no authority to shave me!"

McCarthy's voice was cool and deliberate. "This will do until I get some, Deuce. The phony mailman who robbed Roth's Diamond Exchange today handed them to Mr. Shapiro."

Deuce sank back, beaten, as he looked at the object in McCarthy's ungunned hand. A packet of matches with the name "Rexford Arms" clearly printed in black and gold.

"I'm ready to shave him," Mr. Shapiro's voice said from the bathroom door. His confidence had returned. This Detective McCarthy seemed to know his stuff.

...it was a package of Cookies made with

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BATMAN
No.31

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC IND

BAT MAN

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BATMAN, No. 31—Oct.-Nov., 1945. Published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1945 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
Printed in U.S.A.

BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
PUNCH AND JUDY FIGHT FOR A PIE, PUNCH GIVES JUDY A KNOCK IN THE EYE. SAYS PUNCH TO JUDY: "WILL YOU HAVE ANY MORE?" SAYS JUDY TO PUNCH, "MY EYE IS TOO SORE."
~ OLD NURSERY RHYME ~
BOB KANE
INTRODUCING IN THIS ISSUE — Punch and Judy, THAT COUPLE SO WELL VERSED IN THE ART OF SARCASM AND SQUABBLE! BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! THEY'RE PAST MASTERS IN FLIM-FLAMMERY, TOO... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN QUICKLY FIND OUT! So without further ado we give you "Punch and Judy!"

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... IT'S A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW!

WIFE JUDY, I'M THE HEAD OF THIS HOUSE!

VERY WELL, HUSBAND PUNCH... HOW DOES THE HEAD FEEL NOW!

OWOO!

HA! HA!

HAW!

HA! HA!

I THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — AND MY WIFE, THE OLD BATTLE-AXE, THANKS YOU!

HA! HA!

AMAZING! THOSE PUPPETS MIGHT ALMOST BE ALIVE!

AND THEY ARE ... LIVING, NORMAL-SIZED HUMAN BEINGS WITH STRINGS DANGLING FROM GIANT, RUBBER PROP "HANDS!"

THAT ENDS TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE OF OUR HUMAN PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW!

AND HERE ARE THE PERFORMERS *WITHOUT* THEIR MAKEUP! NOT MUCH CHANGE, IS THERE?

I'M OFF TO CHECK THE BOX-OFFICE.

BE SURE THAT'S ALL YOU CHECK, LIGHT-FINGERS!

NOW LOOK WHO'S COMING FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT...

NICE, HAVING A CARNIVAL OPEN ON AN EMPTY PARKING LOT RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF GOTHAM CITY, EH, BRUCE?

THOSE CONCESSION GAMES ARE GETTING PLENTY OF PLAY! IF IT'S A GRIFT SHOW, IT'S A SMART ONE!

SLANG FOR A **CROOKED** CARNIVAL! HONEST CARNIVALS AR GOOD, CLEAN FUN, BUT GRIFT SHOWS SWINDLE THE CHUMPS PLAYING CONCESSION GAMES! I'M WONDERING ABOUT THIS ONE...

GRIFT SHOW?

THROW DARTS
PRIZES — PRIZES

ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE HOTEL OPPOSITE THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...

HI!

SMASH!

CRASH! BANG! OW! OOH! POW! EEE!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY BEING MURDERED!

QUICK! INTO THE ALLEY AND GET SET FOR ACTION!

IT'S COMING FROM UP HERE!

OOH! POW! CRASH!

BUT, DEAR, THAT TEN-SPOT GOT IN MY POCKET BY ACCIDENT! YOU KNOW I'M HONEST!

HONEST? YOU'D STEAL A HOT STOVE AND COME BACK FOR THE SMOKE!

JUDY, YOU'RE GOING TO AGGRAVATE ME!

PUNCH, I'M GOING TO MASSACRE YOU!

WHOA! END OF THE FIRST ROUND! LAY THAT UTENSIL DOWN, BABE!

GOODNESS! VISITORS!

NOW IF YOU TWO WOULD ONLY CALM DOWN...

SOME NERVE! A HUSBAND N' WIFE CAN'T HAVE A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARGUMENT WITHOUT SOME MASQUERADERS BUTTING IN!

GATE-CRASHER! RUBBERNECKER! NOSY NED!

HEY!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT OR I'LL...

POKENOSE! SCRAM! BLOW!

MAYBE YOU CAN'T TAKE A HINT, **ROBIN**... BUT I CAN!

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, BATMAN!

WE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE POKING OUR NOSES INTO A PRIVATE WAR BETWEEN A MAN AND WIFE!

WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW WHO THEY ARE! FROM THE PUPPET SHOW—

THAT'S RIGHT! PETER PUNCH AND WIFE JUDY! HMM... THEY BATTLE ONSTAGE... **AND** OFF!

NOW, PUNCH, LET'S GET BACK WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

HOLD IT, JUDY! DIDN'T YOU CATCH THAT GUY'S MONIKER? **BATMAN!**

OH, MY GOSH! SO **BATMAN'S** BACK! CALL THE CONCESSION GANG! FAST!

JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GOING SO GOOD, TOO!

LATER... GANG, YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE IN GOTHAM CITY. COUNTRY RUBES HAVE BEEN CLIPPED SO OFTEN AT CARNIVALS, THAT THEY'RE WISE TO ALL THE TRICKS. BUT THE CITY GUY, WHO THINKS HE'S SUCH A SHARPIE, IS A PERFECT CHUMP FOR OUR SET-UP!

BUT NOW, WE'VE GOT TROUBLE! **BATMAN'S** BACK IN GOTHAM!

BUT WASN'T HE ON A CASE OUT WEST?

SURE, THAT'S WHY WE HOPPED EAST! SO YOU BOYS DO YOUR GRIFTING, *BUT KEEP ONE EYE PEELED FOR* **BATMAN!**

NEXT DAY... STEP UP! SPEAR THE LUCKY NUMBER AND WIN A PRIZE!

THIS IS GOTHAM, HONEY... THEY WOULDN'T DARE PULL A GYP HERE!

DON'T, HARRY! I'LL BET IT'S A GYP GAME!

ACROSS THE STREET ON A HIGH ROOF-TOP...

I KNOW JUST WHAT TO LOOK FOR, **ROBIN**, IF THE GAMES ARE CROOKED!

THERE GOES A DART! NOW IF HE DOES AS I EXPECT!...

AH! THE OLD SQUEEZE IS ON! HIS FINGER COVERED THE TOP OF 27—A WINNING NUMBER—TO MAKE IT A LOSER! VERY SLICK!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT ONE MORE! THE BASEBALL RACK! THE PLAYER IS SUPPOSED TO DROP A BALL INTO A SQUARE...AND *IF* IT STAYS IN, HE WINS A PRIZE!

WELL, THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH! THE OPERATOR TIPS THAT STAND *VERY* SLIGHTLY AND THE BALL BOUNCES OUT!

A MINUTE LATER...

HEY, MISTER! I'D LIKE TO TRY A COUPLE OF SHOTS!

(GULP) **B-BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**! (GULP) S-SURE...

I BETTER NOT CHEAT WHILE THEY'RE AROUND...

I WON!

I'M ON A SPOT! I CAN'T PULL ANY FUNNY STUFF! I'LL BE CLEANED OUT!

LOOKS EASY ENOUGH! HOW ABOUT TRYING YOUR LUCK, FOLKS! I'LL FOOT THE BILL!

ME FIRST!

SURE!

SWELL!

TEN MINUTES LATER! LOOK!

COME ON, FOLKS! LET'S TRY ANOTHER CONCESSION!

I BEEN SWINDLED!

AND SO IT GOES! EACH CROOKED CONCESSIONAIRE, AFRAID TO CHEAT, IS CLEANED OUT BY THE CROWD...

HE CAN'T DO DIS TA ME! IT AIN'T LEGAL!

PRIZES

BUT ONE OPERATOR LOSES HIS HEAD!

I'LL TAKE CARE O' YOU WISE GUYS! *HEY, RUBE!*

HEY, RUBE! – THE TRADITIONAL BATTLE CRY OF THE TENT SHOW... USUALLY RAISED AGAINST TOWN HOODLUMS... THIS TIME AGAINST **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

TOUGH CIRCUS ROUSTABOUTS ANSWER THE CALL!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE COMES TROUBLE!

BASEBALL

YOU'RE SLIPPING, BATMAN — YOU MISSED ONE!

WELL, I DON'T PITCH FOR THE SCHOOL TEAM THE WAY YOU DO EVERY SATURDAY!

HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? I NEVER FORGET A JAW!

NOW, BOYS... ALL TOGETHER...

OOF!

A SHRILL VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE SOUND OF FISTS AND GRUNTS...

STOP! WHAT IS THIS... A CARNIVAL OR A FREE-FOR-ALL!

IT'S THE BOSS!

AH! HELLO, BOSS! DID YOU KNOW YOU HAVE GRIFTERS IN YOUR CARNIVAL?

GRIFTERS! THAT'S TERRIBLE THEY'RE FIRED! I'LL KICK THEM OFF MY LOT!

DRIFT, GRIFT!

GRIFTERS! OH, THE SHAME OF IT! CATCH ME, SOMEBODY... I FEEL FAINT!

BATMAN, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

MADAM, I TAKE YOUR DELICATE HAND WITH RESPECT AND BID YOU GOOD DAY!

OOF!

I DON'T GET IT. THAT "DELICATE HAND" ALMOST MANGLED US WITH A MESS OF CROCKERY... REMEMBER?

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN... BUT I WANTED TO PUT THEM OFF THEIR GUARD.

PUNCH AND JUDY ARE VERY MUCH ON THEIR GUARD, THOUGH!

YOU HADDA OPEN YOUR BIG MOUTH!

BUT THEY WAS WINNIN!...ON MY WHEEL! WHEN I GET SWINDLED, IT HOITS ME...

THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT... YOU BOYS HAFTA DRIFT. THE BATMAN'S WISE TO YOU!

FINE! GREAT! A CARNIVAL WITHOUT CARNIFOLKS!

QUIET, BIRDBEAK! I'M THINKING!

BIRDBEAK? YOU COULD RENT YOUR NOSE OUT FOR A SKI-SLIDE!

WHY YOU...! WITH YOUR NOSE, YOU COULD TAKE A SHOWER AND SMOKE A CIGAR AT THE SAME TIME!

JUDY, YOU'RE GOING TO AGGRAVATE ME!

PUNCH, I'M GOING TO MASSACRE YOU!

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT!

BANG!

POW!

COMES THE CALM!

PUNCH, MY BRAIN-BOX IS TICKING OUT AN IDEA! BATMAN IS GOING TO BE OUR FALL-GUY!

JUDY... Y-YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE CONKED YOU ON THE HEAD SO HARD!

NEXT DAY...

IF WE ONLY HAD SOME ACROBATS, SOME STUNTMEN... BIG NAMES TO MAKE THE FUND A SUCCESS...

Y'SEE, WE INTENDED TO ASK THE MAYOR TO LET OUR CARNEY OPEN IN CENTRAL PARK, THE PROCEEDS TO GO TO CHARITY... BUT NOW, WITH OUR CONCESSIONS GONE...

HMM... MAYBE ROBIN AND I CAN OBLIGE!

SEE? I KNEW HE'D BITE! THE CHARITY GATE WILL BE BIG... BUT WE'LL BE THE CHARITY IT'S GOIN' TO!

A CHARITY OFFER COMING FROM THOSE TWO SHARP CHARACTERS? WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR TOES!

NEXT DAY! CENTRAL PARK! THE MAGIC NAMES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DRAW AN OVERFLOW CROWD...

STOP SHOVING, BUD!

MOMMY, WILL I SEE WOBIN, TOO?

TODAY ONLY! BATMAN AND ROBIN IN PERSON

THE SHOW IS ON... AND AFTER THE PUNCH AND JUDY "PUPPET" ACT...

HERE THEY ARE... BATMAN...

AND ROBIN!

IT'S THEM!

THE CROWD IS TENSE AS MAN AND BOY HURTLE THROUGH A SERIES OF DARE-DEVIL THRILLS!

AND NOW, THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL AERIAL STUNTS! AT 12,000 FEET IN THE SKY, **BATMAN** WILL FLY LIKE A HUMAN BAT! *PRESENTING* – **THE BATMAN GLIDE!**

ROBIN, I'VE A HUNCH IF THEY DO ANYTHING, IT WILL BE **NOW**... WHILE I'M STUCK UP IN THE SKY! KEEP TABS ON PUNCH AND JUDY!

OKAY... AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

THE INSTANT THE PLANE TAKES OFF, PUNCH AND JUDY HURRY TO THE PUPPET TENT...

YOU TIMED IT OKAY! I SOLD EVERY TICKET! HERE'S THE DOUGH! COMES TO PLENTY... AND DON'T FORGET MY CUT!

DON'T WORRY, PETE... THERE'S ENOUGH FOR THE THREE OF US! NOW LET'S BLOW BEFORE **BATMAN** LANDS!

SO **BATMAN** WAS RIGHT! YOU **ARE** CROOKS!

ROBIN! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE KID!

OH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID... WE'RE CROOKS!

SEE, I FIX THINGS RIGHT! I EVEN FIXED **BATMAN**! I CUT HIS CHUTE ROPES! BOY, IS HE GONNA TAKE A BOUNCE!

Y-YOU CUT THE CHUTE ROPES?

BUT THAT'S MURDER! ME'N JUDY DON'T MIND DOING SWINDLES... BUT MURDER! COUNT US OUT!

OKAY, THEN YOU'RE OUT... ALL THE WAY! YOU'RE GOIN' TO TIE EACH OTHER UP, I'LL TAKE *ALL* THE DOUGH AND SCRAM!

DOUBLE-CROSSED!

AT THAT INSTANT, 12,000 FEET ABOVE EARTH, BATMAN STEPS INTO SPACE!

DIVING EARTHWARD AT 60 MILES PER HOUR, WEBBED WINGS FLAPPING, BATMAN BEGINS HIS FLIGHT!

WHEELING AND GLIDING TO CATCH THE WIND, BATMAN CUTS HIS SPEED TO SOAR AT 30 MILES PER HOUR AND MANEUVERS LIKE A HUMAN BAT!

AT 5,000 FEET, BATMAN PULLS THE RIPCORD OF HIS CHUTE! IT MUSHROOMS OPEN — AND IS TORN FROM HIS BACK!

HE'S FALLING!

EEEE!

I CAN'T LOOK!

BUT... BATMAN HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE... A SECOND CHUTE!

IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE FORESIGHT!

AT 4,000 FEET, BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SIGHT A CAR TEARING AWAY LIKE MAD FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL TAKE BETS RIGHT NOW THE CHARITY MONEY IS IN THAT HURRY-BUGGY!

STEERING HIMSELF OVER THE CAR'S ROUTE, HE UN-BUCKLES HIS CHUTE AND DROPS FREE... TRULY A BATMAN WITH WINGS!

LOOK OUT! THE TREE!

BATMAN! HE'S AFTER ME!

CRASH

AGHH!

TOO BAD, BUT HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF! WHICH REMINDS ME.... WHAT HAPPENED TO ROBIN... AND PUNCH AND JUDY?

YEAH, AFTER LOOKING AT YOUR HEAD I KNOW NOW THAT HAIR CAN GROW ON ANYTHING!

BATMAN, GET ME OUT OF HERE!

IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO BRING PETE INTO OUR SETUP! WHAT A BRAIN! THEY PUT BETTER HEADS ON UM-BRELLAS!

ROBIN HAS ABSOLVED YOU OF THE ATTEMPT ON BATMAN'S LIFE, BUT YOU WILL SERVE TIME FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY!

ATTEMPTED! I'M TEMPTED TO LOSE MY TEMPER WITH YOU, JUDY!

QUIET, BEFORE I TAKE YOU BY THE FEET AND PLOW A FURROW WITH YOUR NOSE!

JUDY, YOU'RE GOING TO AGGRAVATE ME!

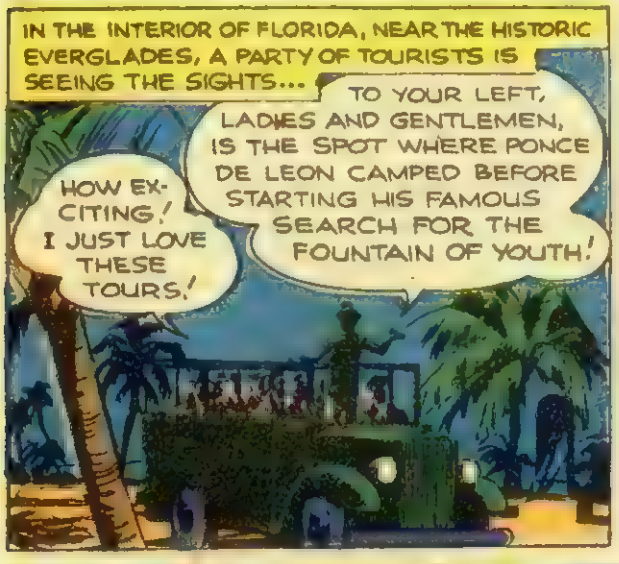
PUNCH, I'M GOING TO MASSACRE YOU!

LET'S GO, ROBIN! THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN!

THE End

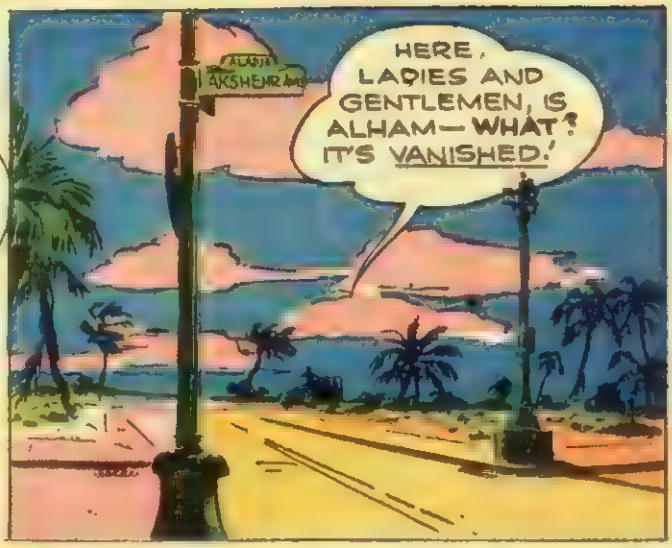
ANOTHER EPISODE OF THAT *AFFECTIONATE* COUPLE, PUNCH AND JUDY, COMING SOON! *Watch for it!*

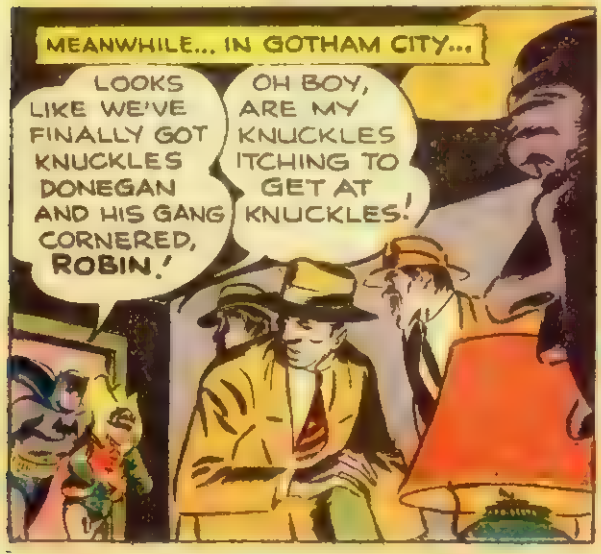
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY
BOB KANE
CROOKS DISAPPEAR! WELL, THAT'S NOTHING NEW! THE POLICE HUNT HIGH AND LOW AND FAR AND WIDE, BUT THE CRIMINALS HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR. THAT'S NOTHING NEW, EITHER. BUT WHEN A WHOLE VILLAGE DISAPPEARS, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL, THAT IS NEW! AND IT'S ALSO DANGEROUS — DANGEROUS FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN WHEN THEY SET OUT TO SOLVE THE EXCITING ENIGMA OF THE DISAPPEARING CROOKS AND THE...
"VANISHING VILLAGE!"


IN THE INTERIOR OF FLORIDA, NEAR THE HISTORIC EVERGLADES, A PARTY OF TOURISTS IS SEEING THE SIGHTS...
TO YOUR LEFT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE SPOT WHERE PONCE DE LEON CAMPED BEFORE STARTING HIS FAMOUS SEARCH FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!
HOW EXCITING! I JUST LOVE THESE TOURS!

AND NOW ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS IN THE STATE OF FLORIDA! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE FAMOUS DESERTED VILLAGE OF ALHAMBRA!

THIS FAMOUS VILLAGE IS COMPLETELY PATTERNED AFTER A TURKISH VILLAGE, IN ARCHITECTURE AND APPEARANCE! EVEN THE STREETS HAVE TURKISH NAMES! YOU WILL SEE THIS ABANDONED VILLAGE IN JUST...
TOURS

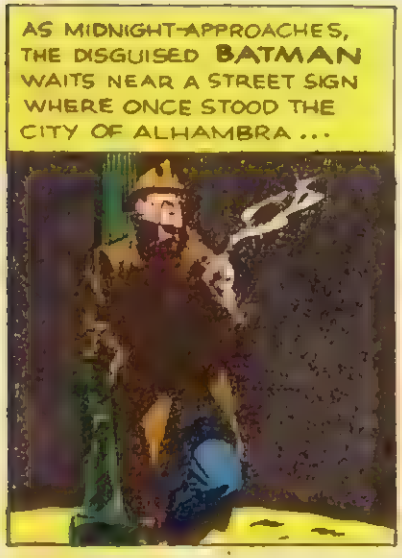

HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS ALHAM— WHAT? IT'S VANISHED!
ALADJA
AKSHEHR


MEANWHILE... IN GOTHAM CITY...
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FINALLY GOT KNUCKLES DONEGAN AND HIS GANG CORNERED, ROBIN!
OH BOY, ARE MY KNUCKLES ITCHING TO GET AT KNUCKLES!

YOU DON'T SEEM HAPPY TO SEE US! YOU SHOULD BE MORE SOCIABLE!
YUH!!!

I'LL GET YOU, BATMAN!
ALL YOU'LL GET IS A HEADACHE!
SOON...
WE GOT ALL BUT THE ONE WE WERE LOOKING FOR — KNUCKLES DONEGAN!
SO I SEE... WHERE DID HE GO?
HONEST, BATMAN, WE DON'T KNOW! KNUCKLES JUST HURRIED OUT, AFTER MAKIN' A PHONE CALL!
HERE'S SOMETHING, BATMAN! LOOKS LIKE HE WROTE AN ADDRESS ON THIS PAD AND TORE OFF THE TOP SHEET! I CAN SEE THE IMPRESSION!
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT BACK TO THE LAB AS SOON AS WE TURN THESE MEN OVER TO THE POLICE!
LATER...
WELCOME HOME, SIR! I TRUST YOUR TRIP WAS SUCCESSFUL, SIR!
PARTLY SUCCESSFUL, ALFRED! WE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU BETTER AFTER WE VISIT THE LABORATORY!
SEVERAL BIG GANG LEADERS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING RECENTLY WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH.' MAYBE TRACKING DOWN KNUCKLES DONEGAN WILL GIVE US A LEAD...
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT THERE'S A MOST EXCITING CASE OF DISAPPEARANCE REPORTED IN THE LATE PAPERS!
FIRST, WE'LL DUST THE PAD WITH POWDERED GRAPHITE...
I'LL TURN ON THE INFRA-RED LAMP...
A WHOLE VILLAGE, SIR, VANISHED.' A PLACE CALLED ALHAMBRA, FLORIDA! MOST ASTOUNDING.'
3

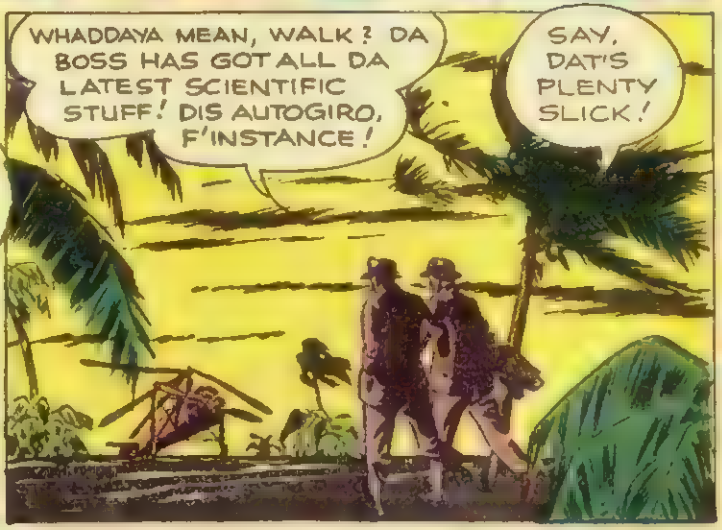
THERE'S THE MESSAGE, BATMAN...
NOT MUCH HELP— JUST THE NAMES OF TWO FOREIGN-SOUNDING STREETS.
Be at corner of Ghadja-Akabsha at midnight first night of arrival.
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT WERE YOU SAYING A MINUTE AGO, ALFRED?
WHY, I WAS MERELY SAYING THAT SOME THIEVES STOLE THE VILLAGE OF ALHAMBRA, FLORIDA, SIR! IT'S IN THE LATE PRESS...
ALHAMBRA! THE TURKISH VILLAGE! THAT'S IT. THOSE STREET NAMES ARE TURKISH! ALFRED, YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR...!
ROBIN, GET A PICTURE OF KNUCKLES FROM OUR FILES! WE'RE LEAVING FOR FLORIDA!.. ALFRED, THAT STOLEN VILLAGE STORY WAS JUST THE CLUE WE NEEDED TO FILL OUT THIS MESSAGE!
REALLY, SIR? THAT'S MOST GRATIFYING!
HOURS LATER, AN EERIE NIGHT SHAPE LANDS SILENTLY ON A SECLUDED FIELD IN FLORIDA... THE BATPLANE!
I HOPE WE BEAT KNUCKLES HERE... OR MY PLAN WON'T WORK SO WELL! WE LOST SOME TIME CLEANING UP THE GANG AND ON OUR LAB WORK!
HOW DO I LOOK?
PERFECT, BATMAN! IF I HADN'T WATCHED YOU PUTTING ON THE MAKE-UP, I'D SWEAR YOU WERE KNUCKLES!
4

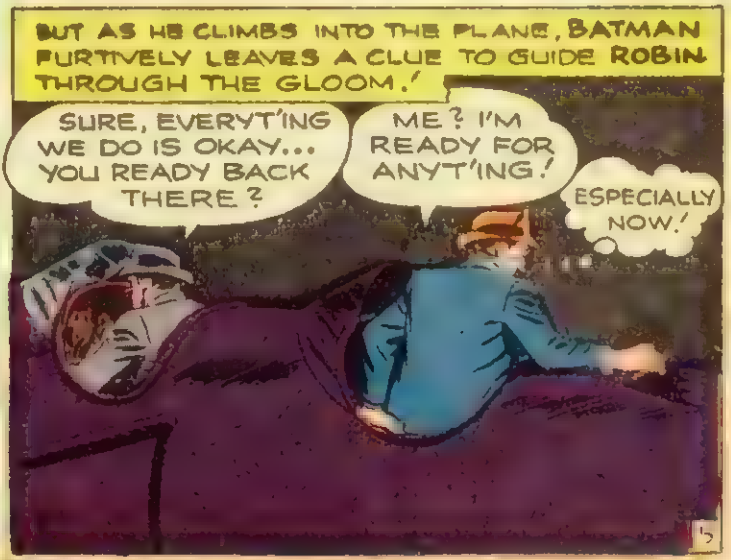

AS MIDNIGHT APPROACHES, THE DISGUISED BATMAN WAITS NEAR A STREET SIGN WHERE ONCE STOOD THE CITY OF ALHAMBRA ...

SUDDENLY...
YOU KNUCKLES DONEGAN?
WHO D'YA T'INK I AM, DA BATMAN?

HO! HO! DAT'S PRETTY GOOD! YA LOOK LIKE DA PICTURE DA BOSS GIVE ME, ALL RIGHT! COME ON! I'LL TAKE YA TA DA HIDEOUT!
YA MEAN WE GOTTA WALK?

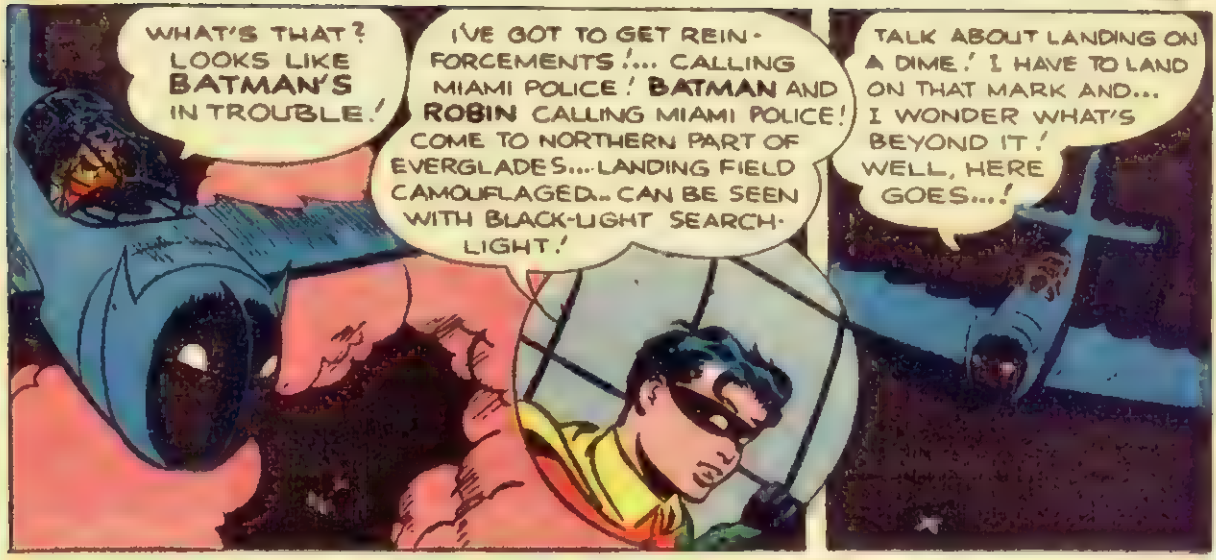
MEAN-WHILE... THE BATPLANE HOVERS HIGH ABOVE...
BATMAN TOOK OFF HIS TOPCOAT, WHICH IS THE SIGNAL THAT THE PLAN IS WORKING! I CAN WATCH THROUGH THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES AND FOLLOW HIM BY THAT INVISIBLE CHALK MARK ON HIS SHOULDER!

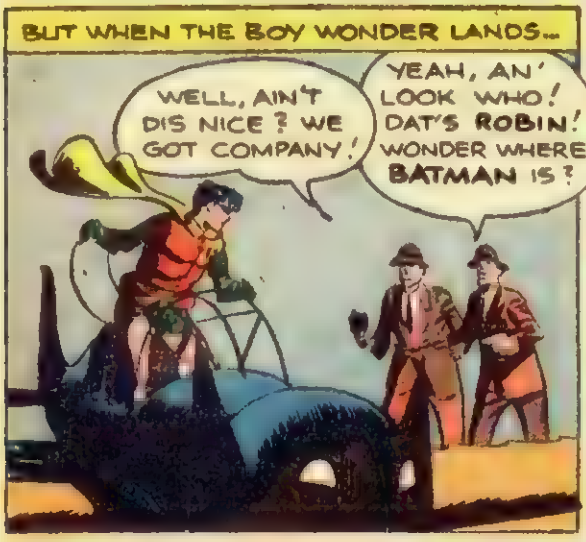

WHADDAYA MEAN, WALK? DA BOSS HAS GOT ALL DA LATEST SCIENTIFIC STUFF! DIS AUTOGIRO, F'INSTANCE!
SAY, DAT'S PLENTY SLICK!

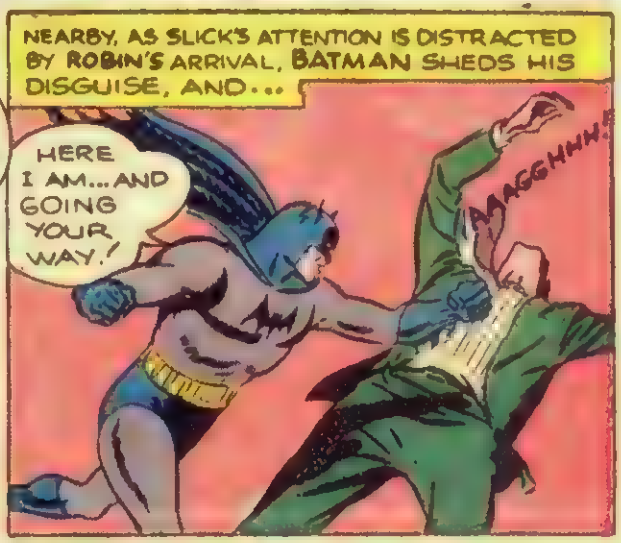

BUT AS HE CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE, BATMAN FURTIVELY LEAVES A CLUE TO GUIDE ROBIN THROUGH THE GLOOM.'
SURE, EVERYT'ING WE DO IS OKAY... YOU READY BACK THERE?
ME? I'M READY FOR ANYT'ING!
ESPECIALLY NOW.'

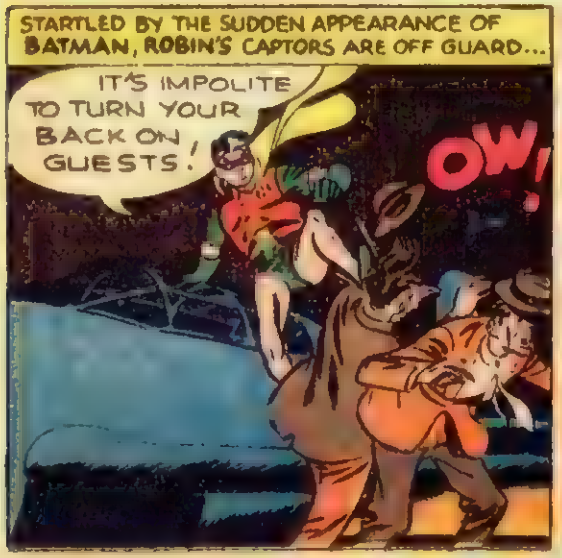
BOY, THIS IS ALMOST EASIER THAN TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM IN DAYLIGHT! THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES ARE GREAT STUFF!
LATER, AS THE AUTOGIRO STARTS SETTLING INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES, THE IMPENETRABLE SWAMP JUNGLE OF TROPICAL FLORIDA...
I DON'T GET IT AT ALL! EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO LAND A PLANE HERE, HOW CAN HE SEE WHERE TO PUT IT?
SO THAT'S IT! HE'S USING BLACK LIGHT TO FIND THE FIELD WHICH THE JUNGLE CAMOU-FLAGES IN THE DAY-TIME!
AS THEY LAND AT THE CRIMINAL HIDEOUT, THE DISGUISED GANG-CRUSHER MANAG-ES TO LEAVE A MARK BEHIND...
PRETTY SMART, HUH? DIS JOINT IS SO WELL CAMOUFLAGED DAT EVEN A FLY COULDN'T SEE NO WAY IN!... WHAT'RE YA DOING?
JUST FIXIN' MY SHOE-LACE!
THAT'LL MARK THE FIELD SO ROBIN CAN FIND IT WHEN I GIVE HIM THE SIGNAL TO LAND...
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BATMAN IS REGISTERING IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES...
KNUCKLES DONEGAN, EH? I HEARD OF YOU! YOU PULLED SOME SWEET JOB, YA DID! DA BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO MEET YA, TOO! WHAT MADE YA COME DOWN HERE?
DAT BATMAN WAS GETTIN' TOO CLOSE TO ME!
THE BOSS SHOWS THE NEW ARRIVAL THE SIGHTS...
DIS IS A SWELL PLACE, BUT I'D LIKE TO GET A LITTLE SHUT-EYE, SLICK...
IT AIN'T EVERY DAY DAT WE GET SOMEBODY AS IMPORTANT AS YOU, KNUCKLES, AN' I WANT YA TA SEE EVERYT'ING!

FIRST WE BUILT A ROAD THROUGH DA SWAMP, SECRET-LIKE! DEN WE SWIPED DIS VILLAGE, HAULED IT IN HERE, AN' THROWED A LOT OF AGAR-AGAR ON DA ROAD! DAT STUFF MAKES DA JUNGLE GROW BACK IN ONE DAY!
HIYA, KNUCKLES! BOY, I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE DA TIME WE KNOCKED OFF DAT COP TOGETHER!
HIYA, BUB! YEAH, DEM WAS DA DAYS!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! HOPE I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO CALL HIM BY HIS FIRST NAME!
YESSIR, A SMART SETUP YA GOT, SLICK!
AIN'T IT? ANY TIME YA GUYS ARE ON DA LAM, DIS IS DA SPOT! DERE'S ONLY ONE WAY IN...BY AIR, AND DA PLACE CAN'T BE SEEN FROM DERE! I CAN GUARANTEE NO COPS HERE!
WELL, IF IT AIN'T KNUCKLES DONEGAN! REMEMBER DA TIME WE HEISTED A BANK IN CHI?
SURE! DAT WAS A GREAT HAUL! HOW'S TRICKS?
ABRUPTLY...
ALL RIGHT, WHO ARE YOU? WEASEL SAID YA WASN'T KNUCKLES WHEN HE SAW YA SIGN IN, BECAUSE KNUCKLES IS LEFT-HANDED! JUST TO MAKE SURE, I PLANTED DEM TWO GUYS WHO NEVER KNOWED KNUCKLES.
WE KNOW YOU'RE A COP...BUT WHAT COP? YA GONNA TALK, OR DO YA WANT ME TO LET YA HAVE IT RIGHT NOW?
YA GONE BATTY?
HOPE ROBIN CAN SEE THIS!
SO

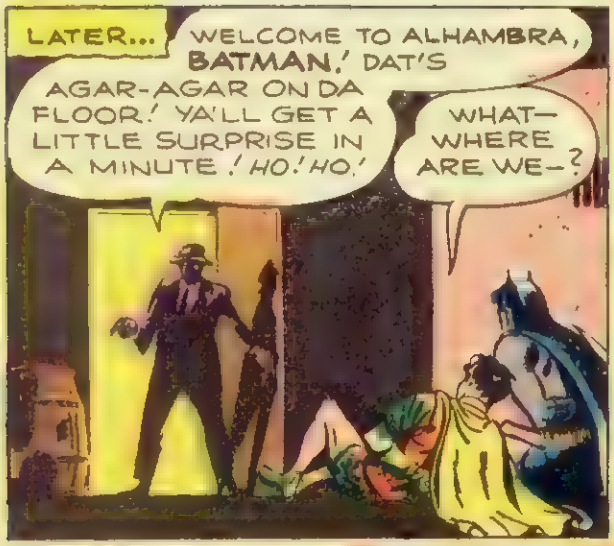

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE BATMAN'S IN TROUBLE!
I'VE GOT TO GET REINFORCEMENTS!... CALLING MIAMI POLICE! BATMAN AND ROBIN CALLING MIAMI POLICE! COME TO NORTHERN PART OF EVERGLADES... LANDING FIELD CAMOUFLAGED... CAN BE SEEN WITH BLACK-LIGHT SEARCHLIGHT!
TALK ABOUT LANDING ON A DIME! I HAVE TO LAND ON THAT MARK AND... I WONDER WHAT'S BEYOND IT! WELL, HERE GOES...!

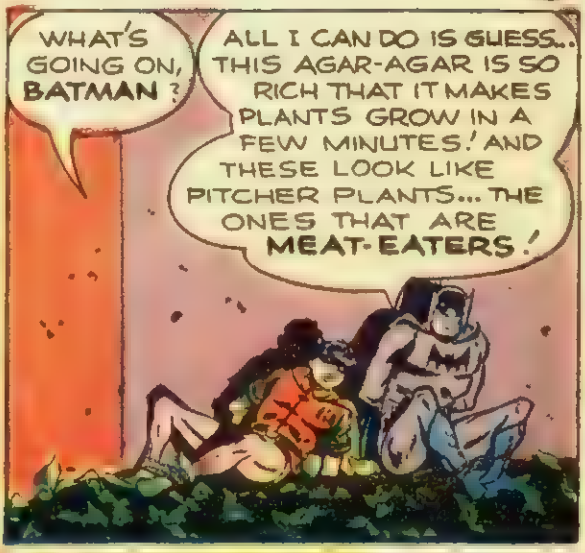

BUT WHEN THE BOY WONDER LANDS...
WELL, AIN'T DIS NICE? WE GOT COMPANY!
YEAH, AN' LOOK WHO! DAT'S ROBIN! WONDER WHERE BATMAN IS?

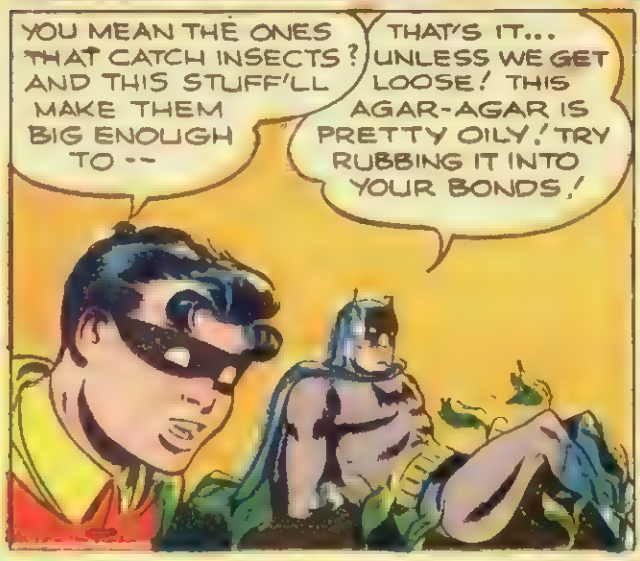

NEARBY, AS SLICK'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED BY ROBIN'S ARRIVAL, BATMAN SHEDS HIS DISGUISE, AND...
HERE I AM... AND GOING YOUR WAY!
AAAGGHHH!

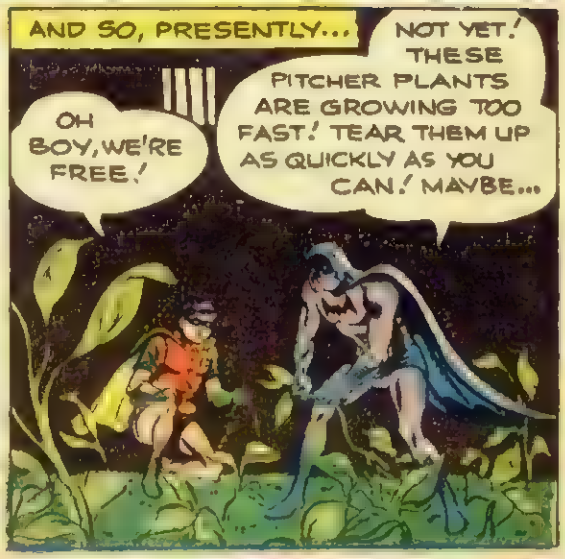

STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF BATMAN, ROBIN'S CAPTORS ARE OFF GUARD...
IT'S IMPOLITE TO TURN YOUR BACK ON GUESTS!
OW!

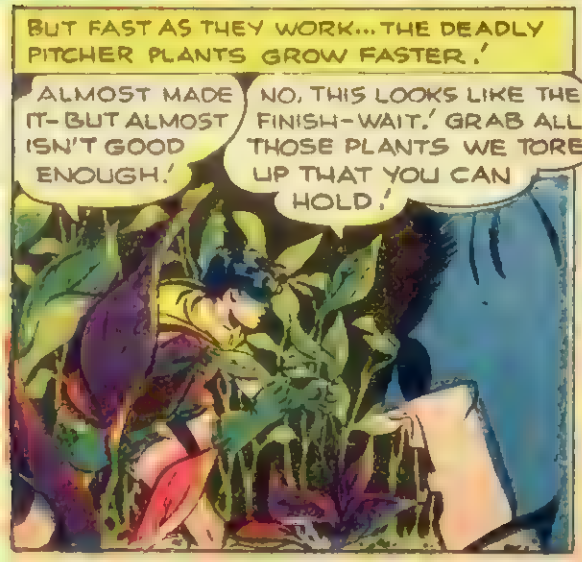
BUT BEFORE THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR CAN GET UNDER WAY...


LATER...
WELCOME TO ALHAMBRA, BATMAN.' DAT'S AGAR-AGAR ON DA FLOOR! YA'LL GET A LITTLE SURPRISE IN A MINUTE.' HO! HO.'
WHAT— WHERE ARE WE—?


WHAT'S GOING ON, BATMAN?
ALL I CAN DO IS GUESS.. THIS AGAR-AGAR IS SO RICH THAT IT MAKES PLANTS GROW IN A FEW MINUTES! AND THESE LOOK LIKE PITCHER PLANTS... THE ONES THAT ARE MEAT-EATERS!

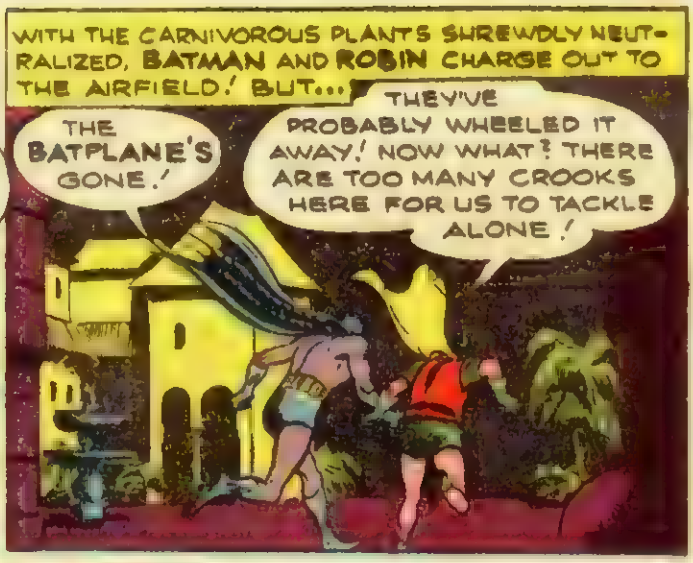

YOU MEAN THE ONES THAT CATCH INSECTS? AND THIS STUFF'LL MAKE THEM BIG ENOUGH TO --
THAT'S IT... UNLESS WE GET LOOSE! THIS AGAR-AGAR IS PRETTY OILY.' TRY RUBBING IT INTO YOUR BONDS.'

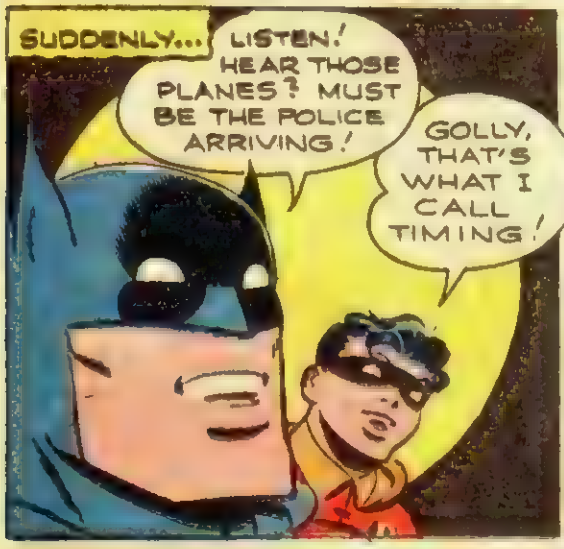

AND SO, PRESENTLY...
OH BOY, WE'RE FREE!
NOT YET.' THESE PITCHER PLANTS ARE GROWING TOO FAST! TEAR THEM UP AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN.' MAYBE...

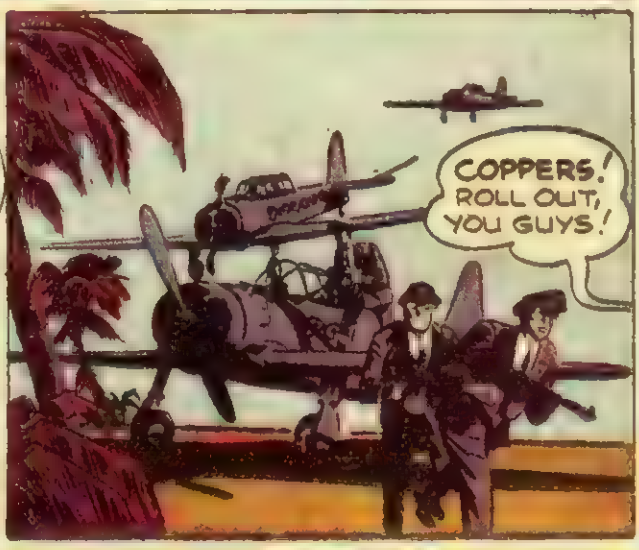

BUT FAST AS THEY WORK... THE DEADLY PITCHER PLANTS GROW FASTER.'
ALMOST MADE IT— BUT ALMOST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.'
NO, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH— WAIT.' GRAB ALL THOSE PLANTS WE TORE UP THAT YOU CAN HOLD!

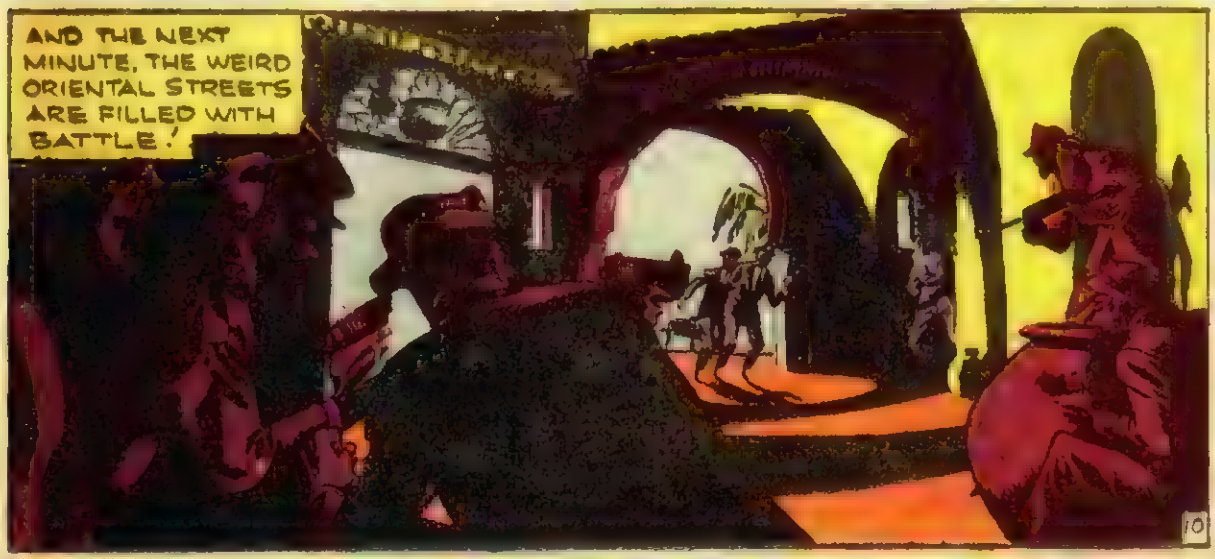
NOW THROW THEM TO THE BIG PLANTS!

WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT! YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THEM CHEWING!
THEY DO HAVE TEETH INSIDE THEM, ROBIN! BUT ONCE THEY'VE CLOSED ON SOMETHING, THEY DON'T OPEN FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO! NOT UNTIL THEY'VE DIGESTED THE FOOD!


WITH THE CARNIVOROUS PLANTS SHREWDLY NEUTRALIZED, BATMAN AND ROBIN CHARGE OUT TO THE AIRFIELD! BUT...
THE BATPLANE'S GONE!
THEY'VE PROBABLY WHEELED IT AWAY! NOW WHAT? THERE ARE TOO MANY CROOKS HERE FOR US TO TACKLE ALONE!

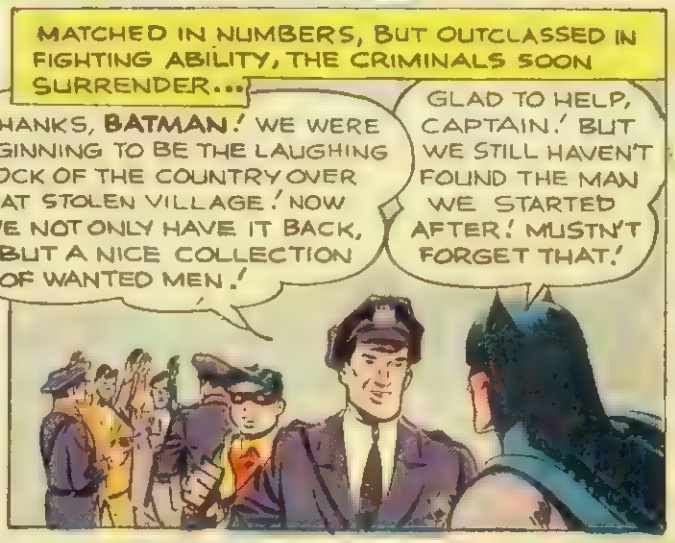

SUDDENLY...
LISTEN! HEAR THOSE PLANES? MUST BE THE POLICE ARRIVING!
GOLLY, THAT'S WHAT I CALL TIMING!


COPPERS! ROLL OUT, YOU GUYS!

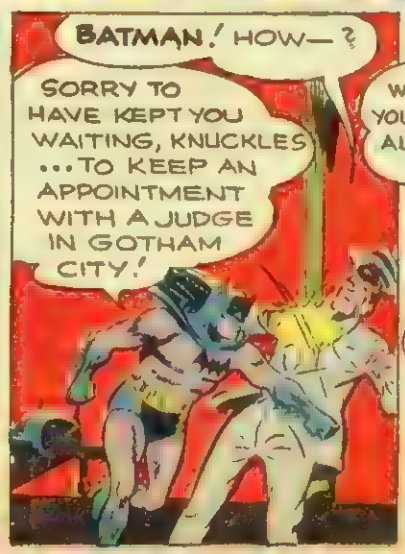

AND THE NEXT MINUTE, THE WEIRD ORIENTAL STREETS ARE FILLED WITH BATTLE!

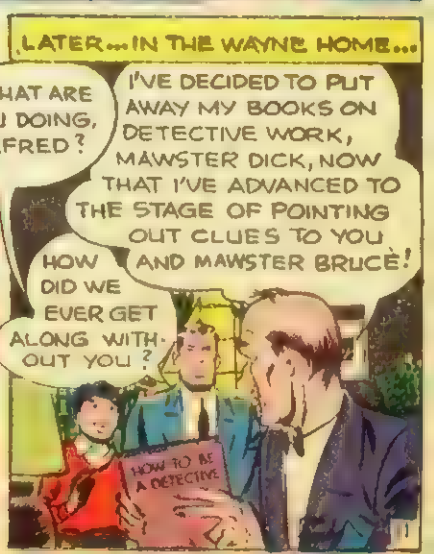
AND IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT, BATTLE THE CAPED CRIME-CRUSHERS."
MIND SITTING THIS ONE OUT?
SAVE THE GAGS UNTIL LATER, ROBIN! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE!... THIS, FOR INSTANCE!

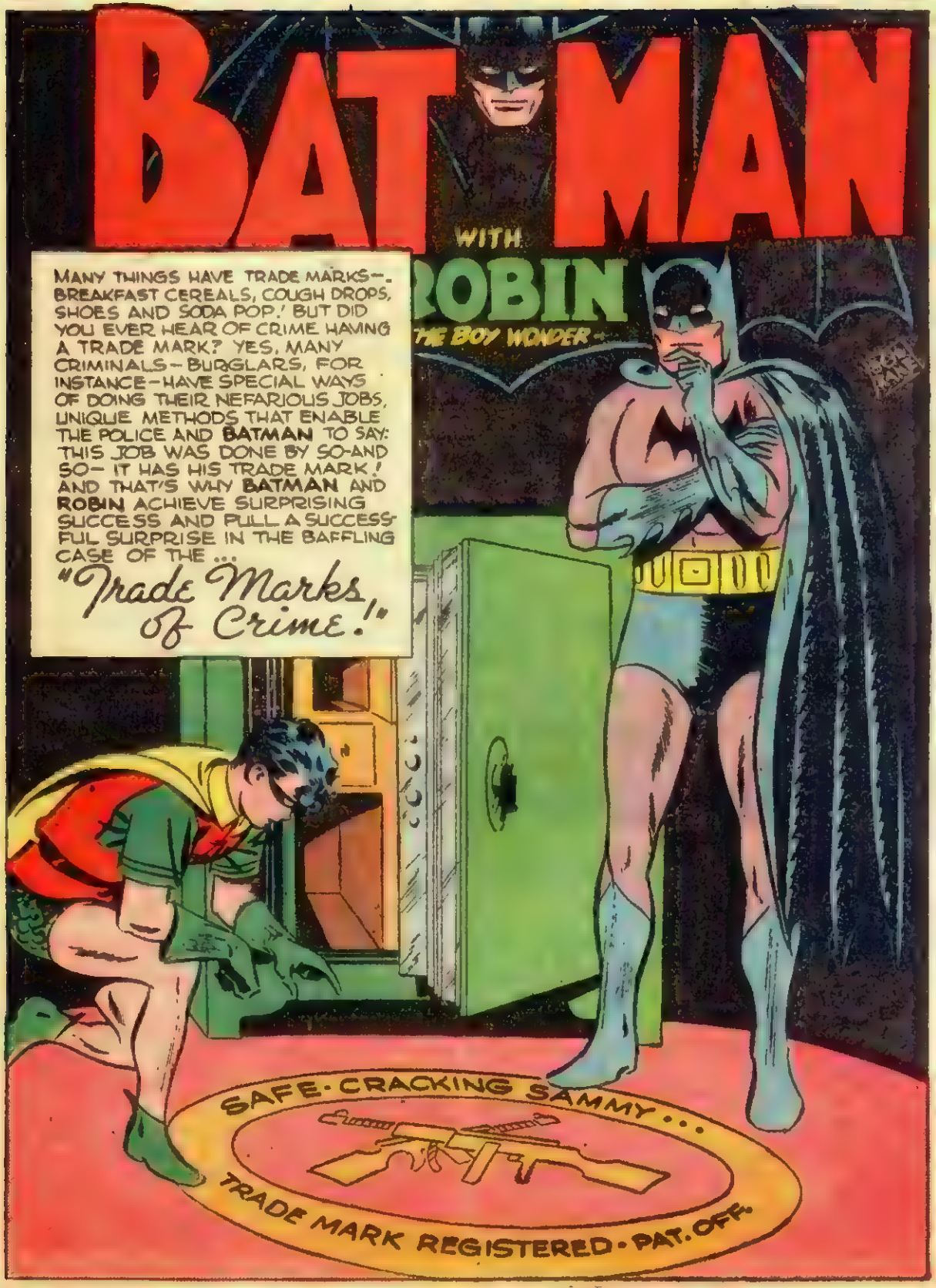
AS THE MUSICIANS SAY, SLICK... TAKE FIVE!
YYYY!


MATCHED IN NUMBERS, BUT OUTCLASSED IN FIGHTING ABILITY, THE CRIMINALS SOON SURRENDER...
THANKS, BATMAN! WE WERE BEGINNING TO BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE COUNTRY OVER THAT STOLEN VILLAGE! NOW WE NOT ONLY HAVE IT BACK, BUT A NICE COLLECTION OF WANTED MEN!
GLAD TO HELP, CAPTAIN! BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE MAN WE STARTED AFTER! MUSTN'T FORGET THAT!

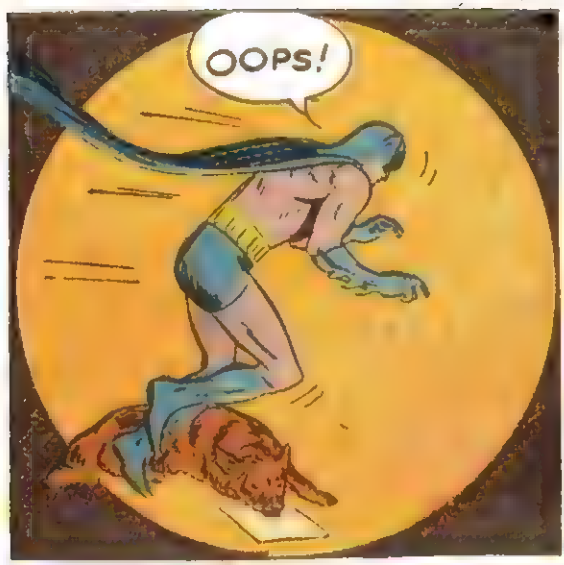
LATER...
THERE HE IS, BATMAN, ON THE CORNER, WAITING FOR HIS APPOINTMENT!
SET THE BATPLANE DOWN, ROBIN, AND I'LL MEET HIM!


BATMAN! HOW—?
SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING, KNUCKLES ...TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH A JUDGE IN GOTHAM CITY!


LATER... IN THE WAYNE HOME...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ALFRED?
I'VE DECIDED TO PUT AWAY MY BOOKS ON DETECTIVE WORK, MAWSTER DICK, NOW THAT I'VE ADVANCED TO THE STAGE OF POINTING OUT CLUES TO YOU AND MAWSTER BRUCE!
HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU?
HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE


BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
MANY THINGS HAVE TRADE MARKS—BREAKFAST CEREALS, COUGH DROPS, SHOES AND SODA POP.' BUT DID YOU EVER HEAR OF CRIME HAVING A TRADE MARK? YES, MANY CRIMINALS—BURGLARS, FOR INSTANCE—HAVE SPECIAL WAYS OF DOING THEIR NEFARIOUS JOBS, UNIQUE METHODS THAT ENABLE THE POLICE AND BATMAN TO SAY: THIS JOB WAS DONE BY SO-AND SO—IT HAS HIS TRADE MARK! AND THAT'S WHY BATMAN AND ROBIN ACHIEVE SURPRISING SUCCESS AND PULL A SUCCESSFUL SURPRISE IN THE BAFFLING CASE OF THE ...
"Trade Marks of Crime!"
SAFE-CRACKING SAMMY ...
TRADE MARK REGISTERED-PAT. OFF.

NIGHT.' ON A ROOFTOP TWO SHADOWY FIGURES LOOK OUT OVER THE SLEEPING CITY...
NICE NIGHT, BATMAN... RESTFUL... QUIET...
QUIET? NOT IN THAT FLAT DOWN BELOW.' RADIO BLARING... TELEPHONE RINGING...
RRRINGG! RRINGG!
WONDER WHY NOBODY ANSWERS THAT PHONE?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK.
HAH.' AN UNINVITED GUEST'
SO YOU LIKE MUSIC WHEN YOU WORK!
DO YOU PREFER BEETHOVEN OR BOOGIE-WOOGIE?
B-BATMAN.'
FAST MAN, AREN'T YOU, MISTER?..
2

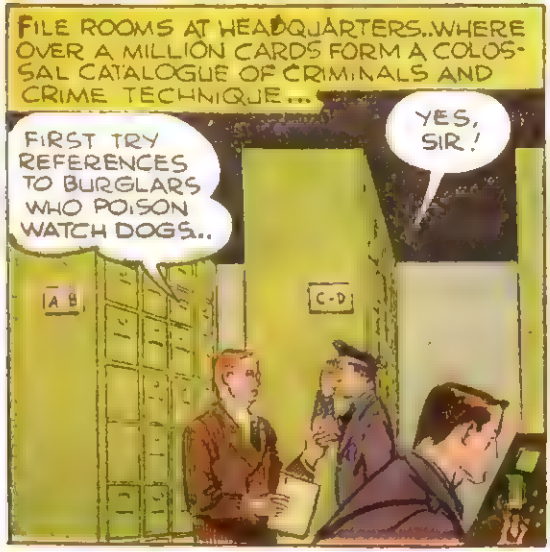

OOPS!

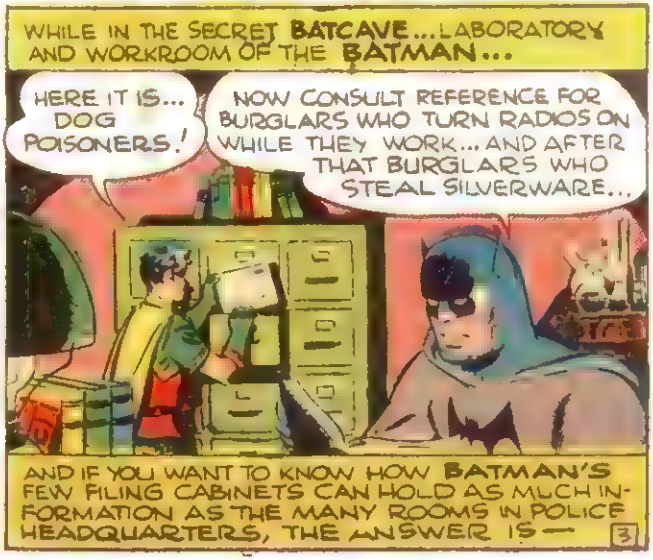
HE GOT AWAY... SAY!... IS THAT A DEAD DOG YOU TRIPPED OVER?
NOT DEAD— DRUGGED!

LATER...
...AND UNDER THE DOG, COMMISSIONER GORDON, I FOUND THIS BIT OF PAPER! SMELL IT! IT'S BEEN DIPPED IN MEAT GRAVY... AND A POWERFUL SLEEP PRODUCING DRUG.

"WHEN THE DOG BARKED, THE BURGLAR MUST HAVE SLIPPED THIS PAPER UNDER THE DOOR... THE DOG SNIFFED THE MEAT GRAVY, LICKED IT— AND DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS!"

THEN OUR BURGLAR JIMMIED OPEN THE DOOR, SWITCHED ON THE RADIO TO FOOL SUSPICIOUS NEIGHBORS AND WENT TO WORK!
NERVY CHAP! BUT WE'LL GET A LINE ON HIM BY CONSULTING OUR FILES!
AND WE'LL CONSULT OURS, EH, BATMAN?


FILE ROOMS AT HEADQUARTERS..WHERE OVER A MILLION CARDS FORM A COLOSSAL CATALOGUE OF CRIMINALS AND CRIME TECHNIQUE...
FIRST TRY REFERENCES TO BURGLARS WHO POISON WATCH DOGS..
YES, SIR!
A-B
C-D


WHILE IN THE SECRET BATCAVE...LABORATORY AND WORKROOM OF THE BATMAN...
HERE IT IS... DOG POISONERS!
NOW CONSULT REFERENCE FOR BURGLARS WHO TURN RADIOS ON WHILE THEY WORK... AND AFTER THAT BURGLARS WHO STEAL SILVERWARE...
AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW BATMAN'S FEW FILING CABINETS CAN HOLD AS MUCH INFORMATION AS THE MANY ROOMS IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE ANSWER IS—

—MICRO-FILM!
STADDON, JOHN...
ALIAS SILVER JOHN STADDON
5'9" 185 lbs. Brown Eyes and Hair
TRADE MARKS:
USES JIMMY ON FRONT DOORS
POISON-GRAVY PAPER TO POISON DOGS
PLAYS RADIO ON JOB.
SPECIALTY - SILVERWARE
THAT'S OUR MAN! BUT GEE, HE MUST BE PRETTY DUMB TO USE THE SAME STUNTS ALL THE TIME!
CROOKS ARE PEOPLE OF HABIT! IF A TRICK WORKS ONCE, THEY KEEP ON REPEATING IT, EVEN AFTER THEY'RE CAUGHT AND SERVE TIME!
BATMAN PHONES COMMISSIONER GORDON...
I'M GLAD YOU CALLED. OUR FILE SHOWS THE BURGLAR IS...
SILVER JOHN STADDON... YES, I KNOW! START DUSTING OUT A CELL! ROBIN AND I ARE GOING OUT TO GET HIM!
MIKE'S TAVERN... A HANGOUT FOR THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD...
CAFE
MIKE'S
I WANT YOU, STADDON!
M-ME? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'! I-I BEEN GOIN' STRAIGHT...
I DON'T LIKE COPPERS! A COPPER IS A COPPER... EVEN IF HE CALLS HIMSELF A FANCY NAME LIKE BATMAN...
BATMAN! BEHIND YOU!

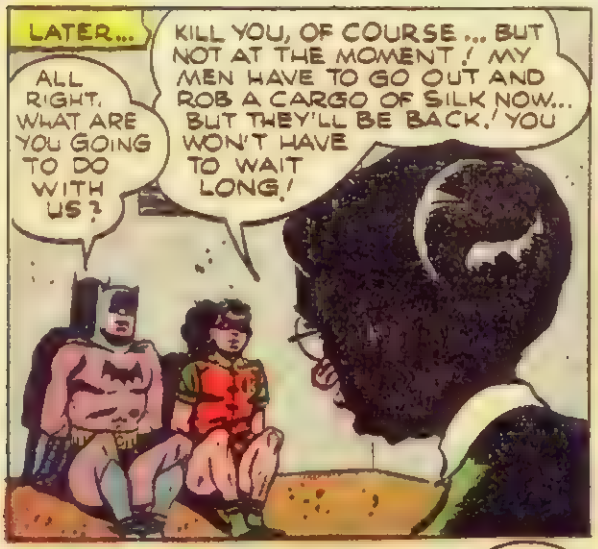
AND NOW WATCH! JIU-JITSU AS PRACTICED BY THE BATMAN.!
NOW, IF THERE ARE NO MORE OBJECTIONS, WE'LL TAKE STADDON WITH US.!
...BUT I BEEN SITTIN' IN MIKE'S PLACE ALL NIGHT! ASK MIKE OR ANY O' THE BOYS.!
THAT MOB WOULD ALIBI FOR ANY CROOK! WE'RE HOLDING YOU ON SUSPICION OF BURGLARY, STADDON.!
TWO DAYS PASS... APPARENTLY, STADDON'S "TRADE MARK CRIME" IS ONLY THE FIRST OF SEVERAL.!
"BIG TIM STEVENS — TRADE MARKS: RARE PRINTS A SPECIALTY. LOVES CHEESE. WILL RAID FRIGIDAIRES IN HOMES OF VICTIMS, LOOKING FOR IT.
ST-
SW

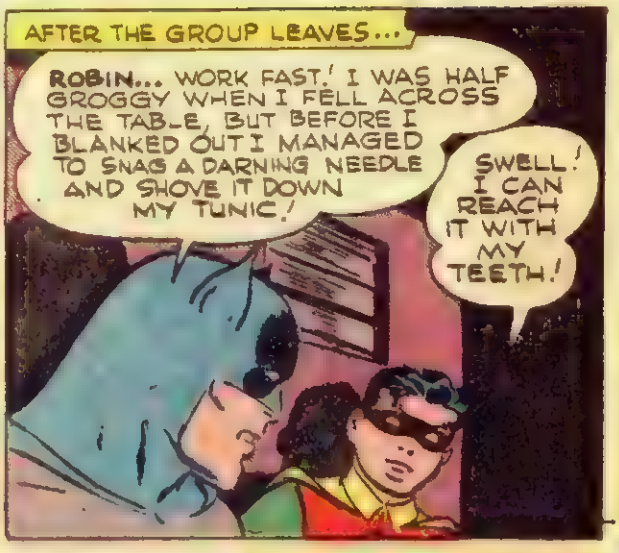
BUT I'M TELLIN' YA... I WAS HOME PLAYIN' SOLITAIRE!
AND I'LL BET YOU CHEATED YOURSELF! YOU USED TO HAVE BETTER ALIBIS THAN THAT!
NIPPER SWARVO 5'3" 145 LBS. BLACK HAIR - GRAY EYES
TRADE MARKS: LOFT BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY. MASTER OF DISGUISE. GAINS ENTRANCE BY PRETENDING TO BE FIRE INSPECTOR. USES GOOSE-NECK JIMMY ON DOOR. TURNS SAFE UPSIDE DOWN, CHOPS OUT BOTTOM
BUT I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT JOB! LAST NIGHT I WAS IN JAIL!
HE'S RIGHT, COMMISSIONER! JAILED FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT ...DISCHARGED THIS MORNING!
WHAT?
HMM...
COMMISSIONER, IT MAY BE THAT THESE MEN ARE INNOCENT, AND THAT SOMEBODY IS FORGING THEIR BURGLARY "TRADE MARKS!"
WHAT!
BUT BURGLARS KEEP THEIR METHODS TO THEMSELVES! HOW COULD ANYONE ELSE HAVE KNOWN THEM?
SOMEONE COULD HAVE LEARNED THEM FROM YOUR OWN POLICE FILES! I KNOW YOUR MEN ARE TRUSTWORTHY, BUT-
HOW ABOUT THE SCRUB-WOMEN?
COULD BE, ROBIN. ANOTHER THING- THE NAMES OF OUR SUSPECTS ALL HAVE NAMES BEGINNING WITH S! STADDON... STEVENS... SWARVO!
ST TO SW! WE HAVE FILING CASES UNDER JUST THAT CATALOGUE NUMBER! WE'RE GETTING WARM!
FILE ROOM
FILE ROOM

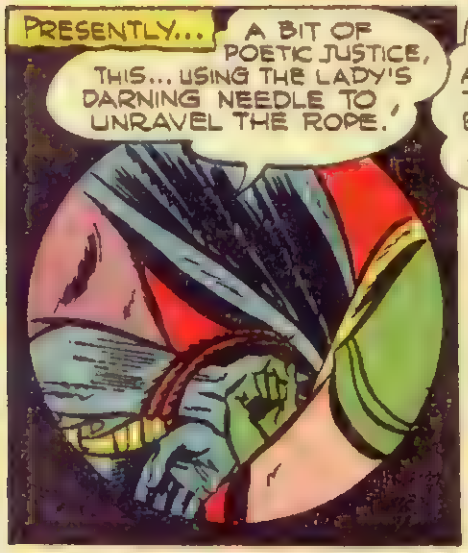
MRS. DALLING CLEANS THIS SECTION... BUT SHE'S SUCH A SWEET OLD LADY...
SWEET OR NOT, WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE HER!
COME IN!
RING RING
HELLO, MRS. DALLING! I'VE BROUGHT TWO FRIENDS! MAY I INTRODUCE BATMAN-AND ROBIN!
WHAT A SURPRISE! DO TAKE THIS CHAIR, BATMAN... AND PLEASE PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
PUT UP MY HANDS?!
JUST AS SOON AS I WIND THE YARN, YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN AGAIN.
IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO VISIT A SICK OLD LADY, COMMISSIONER! DEAR ME, IT'S BEEN A WHOLE WEEK SINCE I'VE BEEN TO WORK...
DID YOU SAY YOU HADN'T BEEN TO WORK AT THE STATION A WHOLE WEEK...?
YOU SEE, IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AT THE STATION THIS WEEK, THEN SOMEONE KNEW YOU WERE ILL AND DISGUISED HERSELF TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AND GET THE FILING CARD INFORMATION.
OH, DEAR ME! AN IMPOSTOR! OH, DEAR ME!
NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THE GAL THAT IMPERSONATED THE OLD LADY.
GOOD HUNTING, COMMISSIONER!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
TO THE LAB! YOU DIDN'T NOTICE ME RUBBING MY GLOVE OVER THE CRACKS IN MRS. DALLING'S TABLE, BUT IF ANY LOOT WAS PLACED ON THAT TABLE IT WOULD DEPOSIT SOME DUST, SOME RESIDUE THAT I WANTED A SAMPLE OF!
GET ME THE SLIDE WITH THE SAMPLE OF SILK FIBRE WE TOOK FROM THE LOFT NIPPER SWARVO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE ROBBED!
WE'VE HIT IT! THE COMPARISON MICROSCOPE SHOWS THE FIBRE DUST FROM THE TABLE AND THE LOFT ARE THE SAME!
LET ME SEE!
GOLLY, THIS MEANS THAT SWEET OLD LADY...
...IS REALLY A CLEVER CRIMINAL!
BACK TO MRS DALLING'S FLAT...
...AND I SAY YOU'RE THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS "TRADE MARK" CRIME RACKET!
DEAR ME! YOU'RE PULLING ALL MY KNITTING APART! ALL THAT WORK... RUINED!

GET THEM, BOYS!
IN A JIFF, MAMIE!
WE'RE IN TROUBLE, SPROUT! START PUNCHING!
HEADS UP, BUB!
BUT AS ROBIN GETS SET FOR ACTION, THE OLD LADY DARTS FORWARD...
G-G..UG..G...
OVER HERE! HELP ME HOLD THIS BRAT!
ROBIN! I'LL... UGH!
YOU'LL WHAT, CHUM?
DROPPED LIKE A LOG!
TIE THEM UP AND THROW THEM DOWN THE CELLAR!


LATER...
ALL RIGHT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?
KILL YOU, OF COURSE... BUT NOT AT THE MOMENT! MY MEN HAVE TO GO OUT AND ROB A CARGO OF SILK NOW... BUT THEY'LL BE BACK! YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!

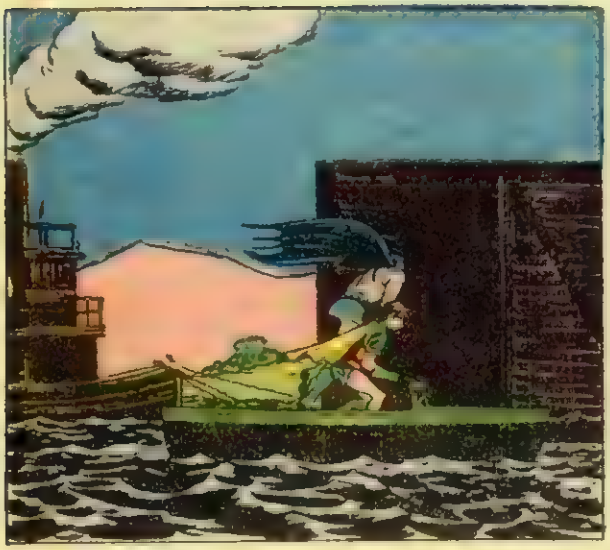

AFTER THE GROUP LEAVES...
ROBIN... WORK FAST! I WAS HALF GROGGY WHEN I FELL ACROSS THE TABLE, BUT BEFORE I BLANKED OUT I MANAGED TO SNAG A DARNING NEEDLE AND SHOVE IT DOWN MY TUNIC!
SWELL! I CAN REACH IT WITH MY TEETH!

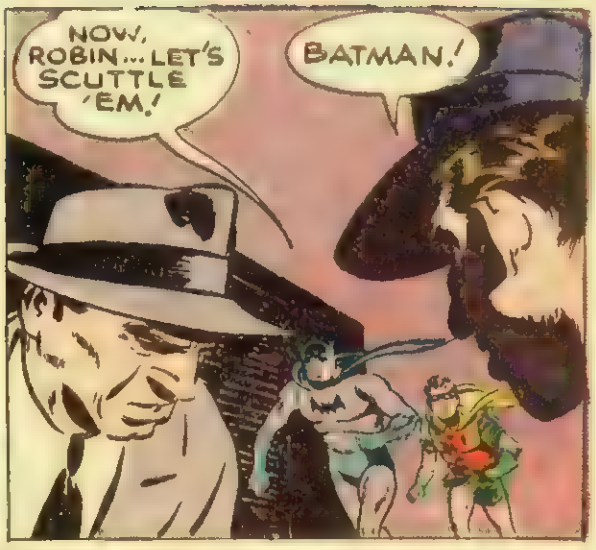

PRESENTLY...
A BIT OF POETIC JUSTICE, THIS... USING THE LADY'S DARNING NEEDLE TO UNRAVEL THE ROPE!

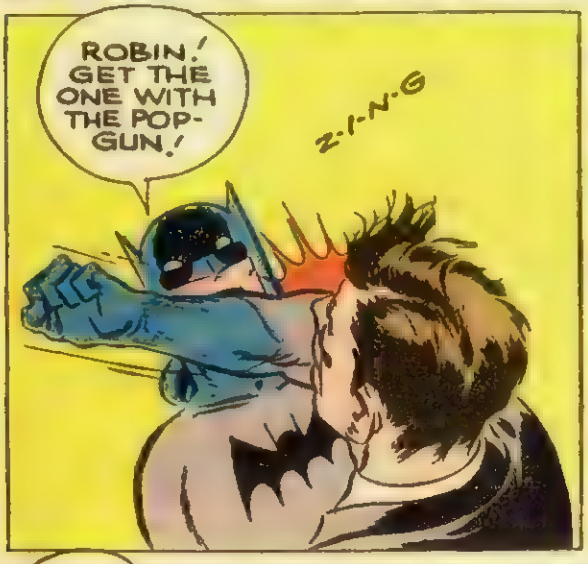
DO WE GO UP AND GRAB THE OLD BATTLE-AXE NOW?
NO... FIRST WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE HOOD-LUMS FROM HIJACKING THAT CARGO OF SILK, REMEMBER?

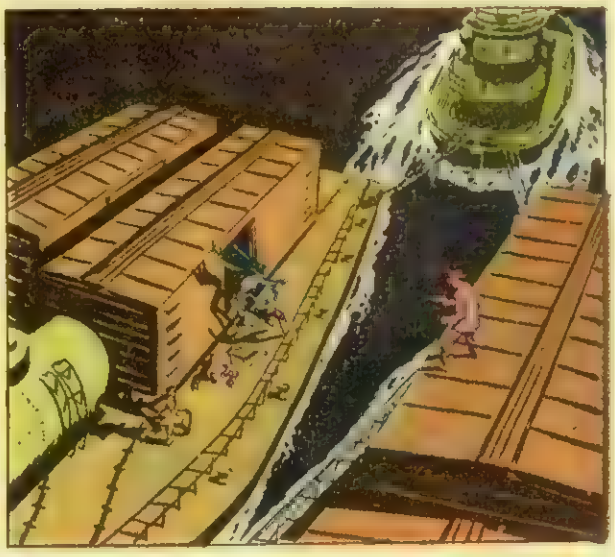
FIRST STOP! THE LAB!
JOE SWANDI... HIJACKER 5' 11" - BLACK HAIR AND EYES..."
"SPECIALIZES IN FREIGHT CARS. WORKS IN GANGS OF 4 TO 5 MEN." I'LL PHONE THE HARBOR AUTHORITIES AND FIND OUT WHAT FREIGHT CARS ARE CARRYING A LOAD OF SILK!

LATER...
THERE! SEE THEM?
RIGHT! CUT THE MOTOR AND WE'LL DRIFT UP WITHOUT A SOUND!




NOW, ROBIN... LET'S SCUTTLE 'EM!
BATMAN!

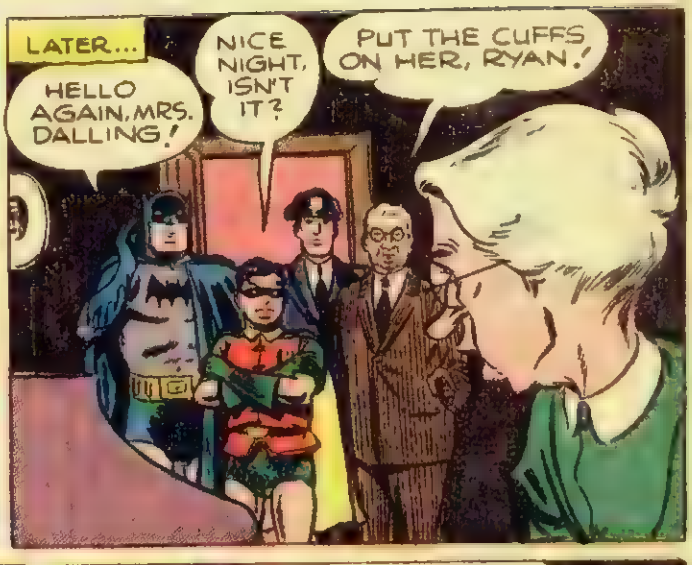

ROBIN! GET THE ONE WITH THE POP-GUN!
Z-I-N-G

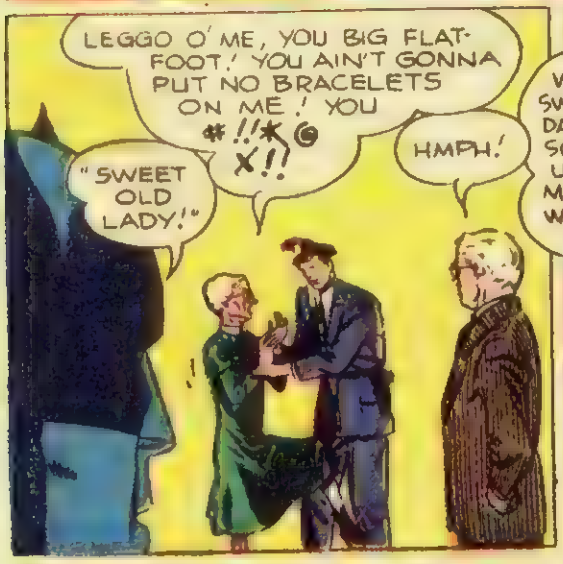


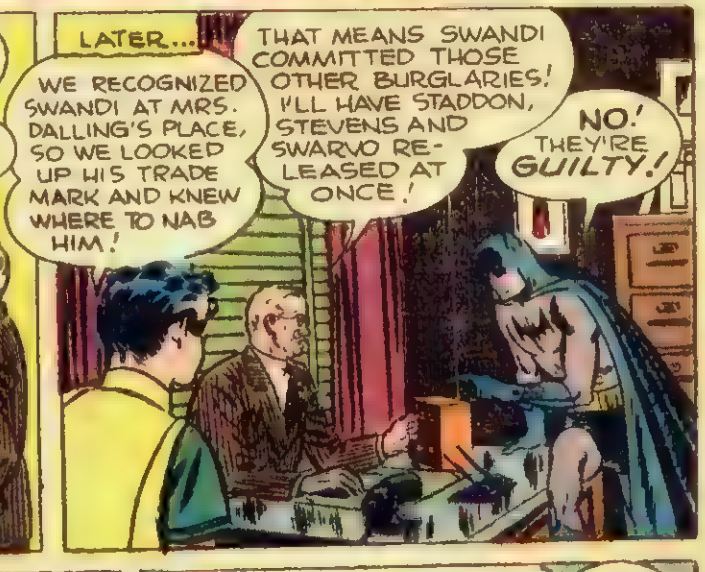
OW!
CRACK!
GOT 'IM!

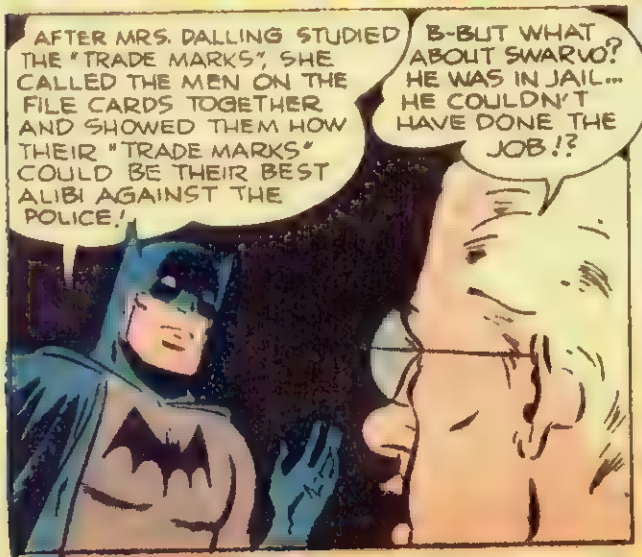
DOWN FOR THE COUNT!

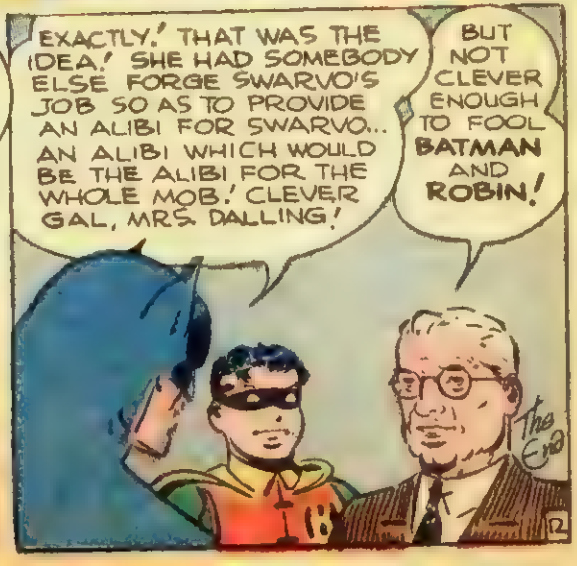
I GIVE UP! DON'T HIT ME! I GIVE UP!
VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU... MR. JOE SWANDI!


LATER...
HELLO AGAIN, MRS. DALLING!
NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT?
PUT THE CUFFS ON HER, RYAN!


LEGGO O' ME, YOU BIG FLAT-FOOT! YOU AIN'T GONNA PUT NO BRACELETS ON ME! YOU *!!*@ X!!
HMPH!
"SWEET OLD LADY!"


LATER...
WE RECOGNIZED SWANDI AT MRS. DALLING'S PLACE, SO WE LOOKED UP HIS TRADE MARK AND KNEW WHERE TO NAB HIM!
THAT MEANS SWANDI COMMITTED THOSE OTHER BURGLARIES! I'LL HAVE STADDON, STEVENS AND SWARVO RE-LEASED AT ONCE!
NO! THEY'RE GUILTY!


AFTER MRS. DALLING STUDIED THE "TRADE MARKS", SHE CALLED THE MEN ON THE FILE CARDS TOGETHER AND SHOWED THEM HOW THEIR "TRADE MARKS" COULD BE THEIR BEST ALIBI AGAINST THE POLICE!
B-BUT WHAT ABOUT SWARVO? HE WAS IN JAIL... HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THE JOB!?


EXACTLY! THAT WAS THE IDEA! SHE HAD SOMEBODY ELSE FORGE SWARVO'S JOB SO AS TO PROVIDE AN ALIBI FOR SWARVO... AN ALIBI WHICH WOULD BE THE ALIBI FOR THE WHOLE MOB! CLEVER GAL, MRS. DALLING!
BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO FOOL BATMAN AND ROBIN!
The End

THE Adventures of ALFRED

VERSATILE IS THE WORD FOR ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY! USUALLY HE'S A MAN OF ACTION...BUT WHEN NEED ARISES, DON'T BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIM A CALM, THOUGHTFUL STUDENT OF SKULLDUGGERY, WHO SOLVES MYSTERIES AND COMBATS CRIME AS...

"ALFRED, ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE!"

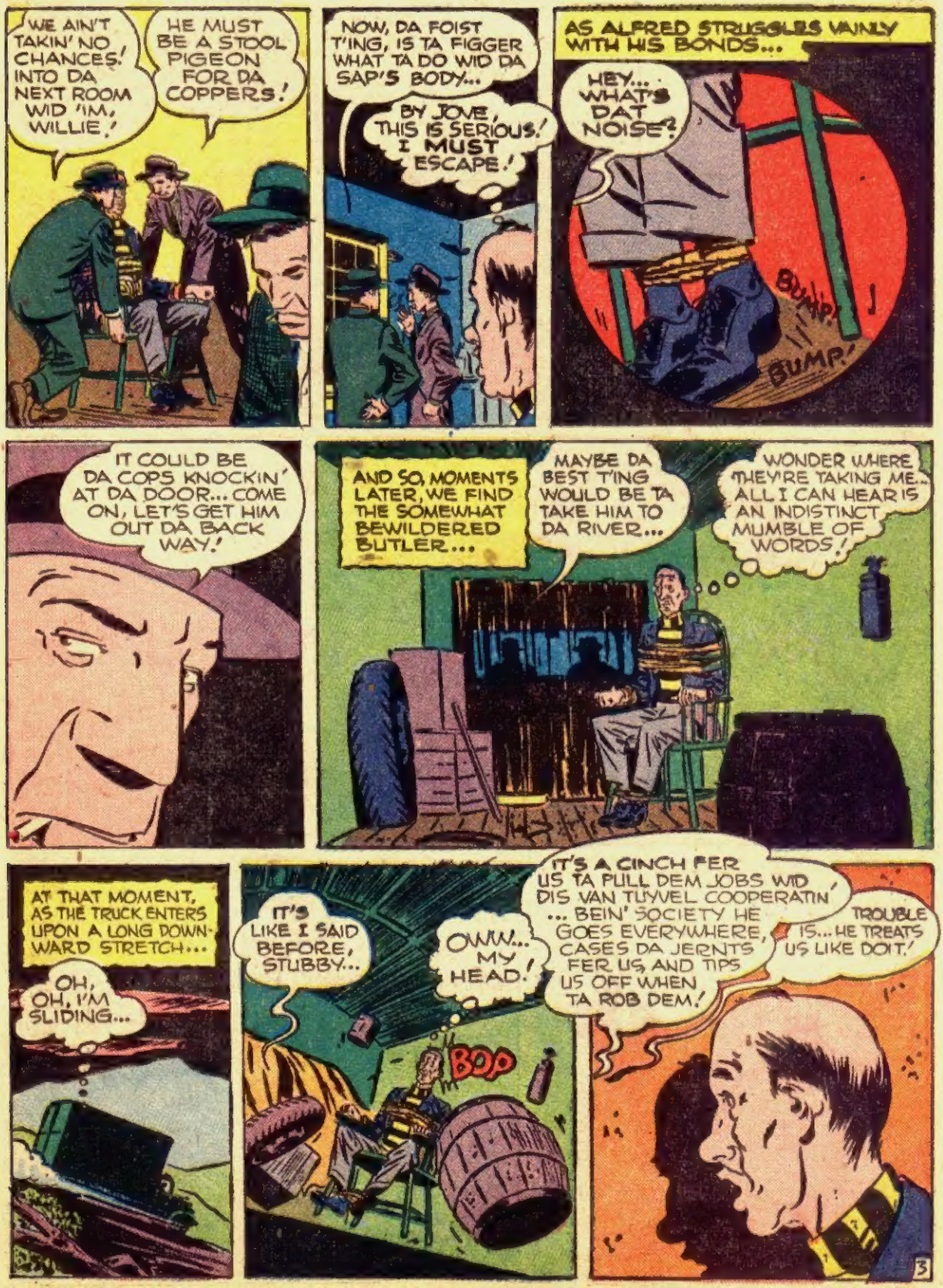
HIS DUTIES AS BUTLER IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME TEMPORARILY FINISHED, ALFRED RELAXES...

BY JOVE, THIS DETECTIVE IS UNBELIEVABLE!

THE BAFFLED POLICE BRING HIM THEIR CLUES... AND WITHOUT STIRRING FROM HIS ARMCHAIR, HE SOLVES THE ENTIRE CASE FOR THEM!

WHAT DREADFUL TOSH! QUITE UNTRUE TO LIFE, AS I SHOULD KNOW!

I CAN'T IMAGINE A CASE LIKE THIS BEING SOLVED BY ARMCHAIR METHODS! THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THESE CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE IS TO GO AFTER THEM!
PENTHOUSE ROBBERS STRIKE AGAIN.
WHICH I INTEND TO DO! THIS DISGUISE WILL CONCEAL MY IDENTITY PERFECTLY... I SHALL FREQUENT THE HAUNTS OF CRIMINALS, AND SEE WHAT INFORMATION I CAN PICK UP.'
AND SO, PRESENTLY, AFTER VISITING VARIOUS OTHER DENS OF CRIME, WE FIND THE BRAVE BUTLER IN THE DEAD COPPER BAR AND GRILL...
LISTEN, STUBBY, DAT LAST JOB DIDN'T PAN OUT SO GOOD! WE GOTTA DO BETTER NEXT TIME.'
YEAH, DIS GUY WE'RE DOIN' BUSINESS WID...
HE TINKS DAT JUST BECAUSE WE'RE CROOKS...
OH, OH, THEY'RE MOVING AWAY... AND THIS MAY BE IMPORTANT. I MUST HEAR WHAT THEY SAY!
HEY, WHO'S DIS GUY TRYIN' TA LISTEN IN?
ER, PARDON ME, GENTS... I IMAGINED... I MEAN, I T'OUGHT YOU GUYS WAS TALKIN' TA ME!
BAR
LISTEN, CHUM, WHAT WE'RE SAYIN' AIN'T NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS, SEE? AND IF YA KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA, YA'LL KEEP YER SCHNOZZLE OUTTA IT.'
BY JO... OKAY, PAL, OKAY, DON'T GETCHERSELF EXCITED ABOUT IT.' BENNY DA MOPE KIN MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS.'
WHEW, LUCKY THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT WHO I REALLY AM.' I HATE TO THINK WHAT THEY'D HAVE DONE IF THEY REALIZED...
UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHAT...?
2


WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES! INTO DA NEXT ROOM WID 'IM, WILLIE!
HE MUST BE A STOOL PIGEON FOR DA COPPERS!
NOW, DA FOIST T'ING, IS TA FIGGER WHAT TA DO WID DA SAP'S BODY...
BY JOVE, THIS IS SERIOUS! I MUST ESCAPE!
AS ALFRED STRUGGLES VAINLY WITH HIS BONDS...
HEY... WHAT'S DAT NOISE?
BUMP!
BUMP!
IT COULD BE DA COPS KNOCKIN' AT DA DOOR... COME ON, LET'S GET HIM OUT DA BACK WAY!
AND SO, MOMENTS LATER, WE FIND THE SOMEWHAT BEWILDERED BUTLER...
MAYBE DA BEST T'ING WOULD BE TA TAKE HIM TO DA RIVER...
WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING ME.. ALL I CAN HEAR IS AN INDISTINCT MUMBLE OF WORDS!
AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE TRUCK ENTERS UPON A LONG DOWNWARD STRETCH...
OH, OH, I'M SLIDING...
IT'S LIKE I SAID BEFORE, STUBBY...
OWW... MY HEAD!
BOP
IT'S A CINCH FER US TA PULL DEM JOBS WID DIS VAN TUYVEL COOPERATIN' ... BEIN' SOCIETY HE GOES EVERYWHERE, CASES DA JERNTS FER US AND TIPS US OFF WHEN TA ROB DEM!
TROUBLE IS... HE TREATS US LIKE DOIT!
3

YEAH, HE WANTS ALL DA GRAVY.'
GREAT SCOTT, I'VE LEARNED THE WHOLE SECRET OF THOSE PENT-HOUSE ROB-BERIES... IF I CAN ONLY LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL IT TO THE POLICE.'
PERHAPS IF I CAN CRASH TO THE FLOOR AND BREAK THE CHAIR, MY BONDS WILL LOOSEN.' I'LL TRY TO LEAN TO THE SIDE...
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, THE LUMBERING VEHICLE STRIKES A DEEP RUT IN THE ROAD...
HEY... WHAT...
CRASH
HONK
HELP!
CRASH!
AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE...
STUBBY STUBBS AND HIS GANG... YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUD.'
OFFICER, THOSE MEN ARE THE PENTHOUSE ROBBERS... ARREST THEM!
LATER, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME ONCE MORE..
ALFRED, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! IT'S OBVIOUS NOW THAT THOSE PENTHOUSE ROBBERS HAD INSIDE HELP...
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO PUT THE CLUES TO-GETHER?
IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF USING THE OLD BEAN, MAWSTER DICK. I THOUGHT IT COULDN'T BE DONE... BUT I SOLVED THE CASE WITHOUT STIRRING FROM MY ARMCHAIR!
THE End.